

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1919.

NO. 2.

ST. JOE LOSES TO MOROCCO, 7 - 0.

In one of the most exciting games ever played on this field, St. Joe lost to Morocco by the close score of 7-0. The game was a thriller from start to finish, with never a lull in the activities. The teams were evenly matched, and the game developed into a seesaw from one end of the field to the other, until finally, in the last quarter, Victor of Morocco went across for the only touchdown of the game. The game was a heart-breaker for our team to lose, going in, as they did, a green team, against a team of seasoned veterans. They underwent their baptism of fire, and emerged as one of the gamest teams in St. Joe's football history.

Morocco won the game through greater experience and weight, mainly by experience. The team was composed of men old at the game, on to all the tricks through many years of playing. Their center was no less a person than Milligan, one of the stars of the famous Pine Village team, professional champions of the country. Some of the other players were from the Wabash A. A., also one of the leading professional teams of this section of the country. The St. Joe line was outweighed twenty-five pounds to the man, but still held its own. The work of our line was the biggest surprise of the game. Their idea seemed to be, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall", and they proceeded to put this theory into practice. How well they succeeded is now a matter of history.

The individual star of the day was Wellman, St. Joe's smashing fullback. Big Fritz was always there when something happened. Time after time Morocco's heavy line crumbled before his terrific smashes. On the defense, Wellman was almost always a stumbling block to the successful completion of plays. O'Brien, St. Joe's fleet halfback, was also prominent throughout the game, on account of his clean way of handling forward passes and of squirming through a crowd of Morocco linemen. Tony Schaefer was there with the goods. Although playing his first big game at quarter, Joe LaMere clearly demonstrated his right to the position. To praise any particular man on the line for his work would be doing an injustice to the other men on the line, for every one played a stellar game. We confess that we had our doubts about the ability of our line, but those doubts are entirely removed now.

To recount the entire story of the game would be repeating ancient history. There was no one after the game who did not have the whole affair at his fingers' tips. In the first quarter Morocco started off with a rush. After the kickoff Soucie took the ball, but was downed by a Morocco man. Morocco then took the ball on downs. Benefit-

(Continued on page four, col. 1.)

C. L. S. COLUMBUS DAY PROGRAM.

As has been the custom for many years past, St. Joseph's celebrated Columbus Day in right royal fashion. The free day, of course, is the subject which unites all hearts, but the work of the C.L.S. which, true to its traditions, presented its first program on that date, is the most noteworthy single event of the celebration.

First to appear was Mr. Aloysius Dirksen, President of the society, who delivered his inaugural address, using President Wilson's wanderings as a topic. Following this number was an interesting debate between Séraphim Oberhauser and Francis Weiss, on debates, or rather on the time to prepare debates. The former was victor in this novel form of verbal battle.

The final number of the program was, to borrow the words of the President, a rollicking farce, entitled "The Living Statue". We have seen some farces better than this, in the palmy days of Hil-ler, but we have also seen a great many more worse. Considering the time of the year, and that this was the maiden effort of the C.L.S. of 1919-20, the play may be termed a success.

The cast was composed of old stand-bys of the society, men guaranteed not to fail in an emergency. Some new faces there were, however, who performed creditably. Of the tried and true, Duenser, Potkotter, and Myers were the most prominent; Flynn was present, but for some unknown reason, did not have much to say. O'Connor made the hit of the evening by his impersonation of the dude. Whether such a being as O'Connor portrayed exists, we do not know, but O'Connor himself seemed to have a very definite idea of the character. McCormick made his initial bow in public this year, leaving us in a quandary as to how far he may advance in the field of dramatic art. Throughout the play he was more passive than active, not on account of stage fright, (we know the doughty Irishman too well for that,) but, most likely, as a matter of temperament, since all great men have peculiar habits. Urban Rauh had the most arduous role. During the second act the art of simulation was unnecessary, for any one would become tired after standing still on a platform for fifteen or twenty minutes. Rauh furnished a great deal of merriment by his antics.

Concerning the free day which followed we have nothing to report. Each one had his special experiences, too many and varied to put in these columns. That it was a success, however, there can be no doubt, which makes us all eagerly await the next one.

ATHLETICS.

St. Joe Swamps the Scrubs 42 to 0.

The Varsity showed that they were on edge and in fine shape for battle when they literally slaughtered the Scrubs, Sunday, Oct. 12, by the score of 42 to 0. The report had gone around before the game that the second team would spring a surprise on the regulars and so an interesting game was looked for. However, as the game developed it was found that if any surprising was to be done the Reps would do it.

The first team scored the first touchdown about three minutes after the whistle had blown in the initial quarter, when Wellman, after carrying the ball down the field, plunged over the enemy's line for the first marker. The goal was kicked. After that the regulars scored at will and the game was uninteresting, excepting at times, when the line-men of the second team showed signs of fight and held the Varsity for downs. For the first team Wellman was a bear on the defense as well as on the offense. Tony Schaefer did some very clever open field work. Short, who played his initial game at center, showed lots of fight, and time after time tore through the Scrub line and broke off plays before they were completely started. The game showed that coach Schaffer has his men in good condition and ready for action at any time.

Football Schedule.

Nov. 8, Fernwood Coronas of Chicago.
Nov. 15, Purdue Specials of Lafayette.
Nov. 22, Valparaiso U.
Nov. 27, Open Date.

Cheering and Cheer Leaders.

At a recent Board meeting V. Honningford and M. Conway were appointed as cheer leaders for the coming year. The Board made a very good selection in these two men as both are popular and full of pep. This is what we want. Cheering does a whole lot to put fight into a team. We know the students want to win just as well as the team does. All we need is some systematic cheering. With such leaders as Conway and Honningford we can look for plenty of noise and enthusiasm during the games. They will help St. Joe on to victory.

Indoor Baseball — Score 8 to 6.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 12, we were treated to a game of indoor baseball. The team captained by Boehnlein won the game. The teams were "pickups" but nevertheless the rivalry evinced was keen. Boehnlein and Jaeger were the opposing pitchers. Jaeger showed up better than his opponent, but lost the game owing to the poor support given him. Boehnlein pitched a good game, but was extremely wild, especially so in the first inning when he walked the first two batters. He was controlled, however, by his catcher and pitched a very creditable game after that. Indoor is a very clever game if played right and is interesting to the spectator. It would be a good idea to develop the batting eye of the spring tryouts in this manner.

Basket Ball.

During the past week the Basket Ball Mgr. has been besieged with requests for games from all over the state. Many teams of the surrounding country seem to be anxious to match their quintets against St. Joe. The Mgr. has just about completed his schedule, which will be published in the "Cheer" in the near future. Games will be played with the "Ind. Dental College" (our old rivals), Valparaiso U., Indiana State Normal, Lafayette Y. M. P. C., and a few other independent teams. There will be probably two games played before our Christmas vacation. So far about nineteen candidates have handed their names in for try-outs. There is some very good material among these, and the last year regulars will have to work to retain their jobs. If nothing turns up, and all the material we have is eligible, we will certainly have a team that will make 'em sit up and take notice. Here's hoping that all the tryouts will be eligible.

Colors and Monograms for St. X.

A committee of three appointed by the president of the St. X. A. A. has reported creditably. In a recent meeting it adopted brown and gold as the official colors of St. X. Hall. In future the St. X. rep. teams of baseball and basket ball will not fight or triumph in vain. Monograms are to be awarded to members of our first teams from this winter on, together with one bar or alternate color for each successive year: brown being the award for basket ball and gold for baseball.

The committee, we think, has made good both in its choice and ruling for the colors. These alone can claim monograms:

Members of our rep. baseball team in spring, appearing in at least one game.

Members of our rep. basket ball team, appearing in at least one game.

Those reporting for at least three fourths of the rep. practices in both branches of athletics.

Monograms are to be worn by those only who have merited them. They are a badge for spirit and work, and not to be gotten for two bits by the constant moper and non-enthusiast.

All credit is due to the committee for giving our athletic organization this needed sturdy brace. All thanks to the originality of Messrs. Miller of Denver, A. Dirksen, and S. Oberhauser.

GOSSAMERS. (Sonnet)

How threads of fading summer-glory lie
Expanding over Autumn's happy mien;
Now gliding down October breezes clean
Until on man or bush they cling with sigh.
In shiny waves they bid our upward eye,
Brave, patient till is cleft their flimsy sheen.
With wind and whim away again, more keen
And sad of length, in silver flight they hie.
Afar and 'way with Autumn tidings wing
The streaming strings from Cere's hopes replete.
Float wavy on! — not yet the summer hides
Now heralded its glory from all sides.
Festooning harvest joys with silken pleat
Ye wonder, messengers of a good thing

F. W.

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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Thursday, Oct. 23, 1919.

EDITORIALS.

In the Tyrolean collection of Mr. Stoddard's poems, there is one addressed to his library, beginning thus, "Shrine of my mind, my library". The line calls up a picture, from which we must exclude the details at first sight most pleasing. This gentleman, ensconced within the four walls of his study, stretched out to the most comfortable proportions of his easy chair, the inevitable pipe in his mouth—these are the particulars we must forget. But there yet remains the central attraction of the scene — the book, the real soul of the contentment, on the body of which we are more prone to dote. Yet Mr. Stoddard's appreciatory verses are only chips from a mighty cheap sentiment, if they trace their inspiration to nothing more inspiring than lounging or smoking while reading. They would then remind you of the social insincerity, supposedly hidden, but hopelessly exposed in the comment on the wonderful evening you spent at the Jones's, "Because, you know, they always serve such elegant refreshments". It is all a misplacement of valuation, and here is something to prove it.

Do you recall one familiar instance of your school days, when you followed the gory desperado, Jesse James, behind the protecting cover of Frye's large geography? If so, you are witness to the truth that external conditions, the deluded teacher, the wasted hour, the geography lesson missed, hardly counted as a force against the enthrallment of the book. Interest in the story was paramount; and it is always so.

But in our reverence for ideas seemingly beyond us, have we not made the love of books a "fugitive and cloistered virtue", reserved from all eternity for the genius alone? Of course there are diseases in book-loving. Bibliomania, for instance, carries too many of the malarial properties of the physician's vocabulary to be anything but a disease. But we are not urging the extremes. Only one thing is to be remembered, i. e. the right to taste and enjoy the best in literature is as universally common as the right to breathe the same air with our more talented brethren. The library is the

storehouse and purveyor, established generally all over the world, but particularly in Collegeville, to replenish our intellectual poverty. In thus far you may call it a charitable institution, but its services are to be prized and appreciated no matter what you choose to call it. It is well enough to plaster your brain with the opinions of your text book, but it is better to accompany that plastering process with a little diligent "seeing for yourself". You can do that in the library.

College and Ideals.

We all had certain ideals of college life before we entered college. The sources of our inspiration were many and varied, dating back, perhaps, to our first reading of a so-called boy's story. College life loomed up as an endless round of games, of heroic deeds on gridiron and baseball diamond, and of midnight spreads in the dormitory. College men were supposed to be big, happy-go-lucky fellows, ready at any time for a fight or a frolic. And then came the end of all our pretty castles in the air.

College life, we found, consisted not only of athletics and good times, but, for the greater part, of hard study and strict discipline. Facing hard facts, we saw the great difference between our idea and the reality, and thus became cynical, making matters worse than they were.

Cynics, I say, we were, but whether we will remain such is a matter of choice, for college life has many redeeming features. We cannot abolish study, and still hope to attain our end in life. Any objection to study is foolish, for that is the primary reason of our being here. Discipline also cannot cease without giving way to greater, more irksome restraints. But of these I would not speak; I aim to show that our ideals of college life are not shattered, but rather bent in conformity with the orderly arrangement of all things.

To take up athletics. No one can deny that we have athletics, that our teams are worthy representatives of their school. We have not found, however, the athletics of the "Rover Boys" or the "Putnam Hall Boys", or of other favorite characters of our boyhood days. Things do not seem as easy as we were wont to believe. Stars that rose in a single night were rare sights, in fact, we had not seen any. Games were won not by the work of one man, but by teamwork, by constant plugging. That didn't measure up to our standard at all. We should have wondered whether our information was correct or not, but we were simply disgusted, and staunch in our belief, dreamt of other colleges, of places where affairs were conducted as they ought to be, or perhaps looked forward to our entrance into some university, there to realize our dream.

But would we have found other colleges different, will the university satisfy our conception? Not in the least. Life and athletics run the same course, both usually on an even plane, with very few high spots. But life is nevertheless interesting, and athletics should be. Isn't it much better to win by teamwork than by the flashy work of one man? The latter might be termed luck, but the former cannot fail to gain credit. Doesn't it cheer you more to know that the entire student

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body engages in athletics, instead of a few 'Varsity men', as in many other schools? That's one ideal changed for the better.

As to good times, judge for yourselves. In Putnam Hall either the prefects were very stupid or very lenient, for to play tricks such as are therein described without being caught is beyond the bounds of possibility. We can't expect to imitate the example of those intrepid heroes, but we certainly can have good times. Only one thing is necessary for a good time, and that is a crowd of good fellows. You can't deny that we have them here. For this, if for no other reason, I hold my college years precious, that I have had the opportunity to meet real men, of the kind that cheer you up when everything goes wrong, and are a source of inspiration toward the accomplishment of higher and nobler acts. Every student knows such men; their memory will ever be fresh in his mind. Here is your other ideal realized, but to a greater degree than you deemed possible.

Perhaps now you are convinced that the sun is still shining behind the clouds, perhaps this article has put balm on wounds otherwise slow in healing; perhaps, in later years, we will cherish in our minds the memory of the days spent here; then will the purpose of this little editorial more than have been fulfilled.

(St. Joe Loses to Morocco 7 to 0) from page one.

ting by the excitement and lightness of the St. Joe line, Morocco by a series of line plunges and end runs carried the ball to within two feet of St. Joe's goal line. Here the line stiffened and held for four downs, securing the ball for St. Joe. St. Joe then started to march down the field, bound for Morocco's goal and a touchdown, aided by two forward passes which O'Brien caught. Time for the quarter ended the procession.

The second quarter begun, St. Joe, by the good work of Wellman and the other backs, carried the ball into the very shadow of Morocco's goal posts. Morocco rallied and took the ball on downs, punting out of danger, after which the old seesaw began all over again. The play was featured by the fine punting of Morocco. The whistle ended the

half, with no scores and both teams playing at their best.

The third quarter found both teams on their toes, fighting to score. Victor, entering the game for Morocco, took the ball on the kickoff and made fifteen yards. Morocco's machine started to work, but the work of our line soon threw a wrench into it, and it stopped dead. St. Joe's hopes were high when Schaefer pulled down a long pass from Wellman, putting the ball into the center of the field. Morocco punted again and again in this period to keep St. Joe back.

The fourth quarter opened, no scores and both teams ready to fight all night. St. Joe gained the advantage for a time, but lost it on a long pass by Morocco to the quarterback. Morocco proceeded to smash through for good gains, using trick plays to good advantage. On St. Joe's one yard line the line held again, and a tie seemed to be the final result of the game. Suddenly Victor of Morocco, on a fake play, tore through a hole at right tackle for a touchdown. Rust kicked goal. St. Joe did not give up, but the whistle ended the game and our hopes.

A feature of the game was the large attendance, both from Rensselaer and Morocco. Rensselaer turned out in force and supported our team loyally. We hope that the present friendly relations between St. Joe and Rensselaer will continue; the Morocco rooters were a bunch of game sports, confident in the ability of their team, but, we believe, greatly underrating ours. We gave them a run for their money. Score:

ST. JOSEPH'S

Linder
White
Greenwell
Soucie
Williams
Donnelly
Lamour
LaMere
Schaefer
Wellman
O'Brien

L.E.
L.T.
L.G.
C.
R.G.
R.T.
R.E.
Q.B.
L.H.B.
F.B.
R.H.B.

MOROCCO

Dunlap
E. Russell
Littlejohn
Milligan
J. Moore
C. Moore
V. Middleworth
Rust
More
Smith
D. Middleworth
Victor

Touchdown, Victor.

The Knights of Columbus.

After the lapse of a year, St. Joseph's will again be the scene of a great event, a K. of C. initiation. Those of the students who are members have been busy gathering candidates, so that a goodly number is expected to try its hand at riding the goat.

Riding the goat, however, is but a minor consideration when one considers how great an organization the Knights of Columbus are. To-day the Knights stand as the foremost Catholic organization of America, and as one of the greatest fraternal organizations in the world. What the K. of C. did in the great war is now a matter of common knowledge, but their work here, in America, confounding the enemies of the Church, is even more noteworthy. Wherever a slander arises against Catholicism, the Knights of Columbus are there to demand retraction. They are as much Knights errant as those of old, but their cause is a higher and nobler one.

The advantages of the K. of C. as a social organization are manifold. A clubhouse where you can meet your friends and be at ease as to your surroundings is a boon which everyone craves. Such a haven is found wherever the K. of C. have been established for any length of time. While traveling you need never fear of being forsaken in a large city if you have a K. of C. traveling card with you. Besides, as a Knight of Columbus you acquire a certain prestige due to the high standard of the men who constitute the membership of the organization.

We ask you, therefore, that as many as possible join the ranks of the Knights of Columbus, to come a little closer to the million mark, the goal which the society has set for itself in 1919. Every possible candidate be ready for October 26 and November 23, after which days we shall emerge the proud possessors of the title, a Knight of Columbus.

INDECISION.

Ofttimes in visionary mind
I chase a phantom gleam
Far over hispid heights to find
A shallow mountain stream,

That ripples down its rocky route,
A limpid power to cool,
Till toiling to the mountain's foot,
It dies a stagnant pool.

And oft the bandied hope of fame
Emits a kindly beam,
That sets my servile heart to frame
A dogma from a dream.

Some self-deluding prophecy
May build my castle high,
The while I watch admiringly
It crumbles in my eye.

The world will wear its winsome smile
And sleazy sermon speak,
And beauty will ensnare the while
It gilds some grace's cheek.

And oh, how some fair-faced deceit
Beneath its weak disguise,
May lead my two benighted feet
To fill my wondering eyes.

Ah true, no feeble efforts find
The golden middle way.
The action of a robust mind
Alone it may — it may.

So down the nervous depths of thought
Conclusions toil and tire,
But how may firm resolve be wrought
In such a fitful fire?

A subtle whisper bids me go,
A silent voice says stay;
I wonder 'tis my friend or foe
That leads me to the fray.

Seen on Saturday in Collegeville:

No slicker map than Bill's.
Human question marks after soap.
Human exclamation points after mail.
Lots of clean faces and collars.
Nothing but dust and tin on the Jackson Highway.

Lather and scraping profuse
Reminding of old time juice
Long before Prohi in use. — — Horace: Car. xi.

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LOCALS

Rose — Say, Kampsen, every time I look at your head I think of a dollar.

Elmer J. C. (excitedly) — Why, Paul, how's that? Rose, (sweetly) — It's just one bone, Jim.

Alonzo Kramps. (bragging about his ancestry). I tell you fella's, I come from a family of the most royal blood. Why, King Henry tapped my great, great grandfather on the shoulder with a sword and thereby made him a royal Knight.

Mugsy R. Conway (in disgust) — Aw' that's nothing Bo. Back in the Revolutionary War an Indian chief tapped my great-grandfather on the "bean" with a tomahawk and made an angel out of him.

For the following exquisite little verse we are indebted to Cornelius Patrick J. Percy O'Keefe, poet laureate of the Junior Halers.

"Violets are blue, roses are red,
And so is the hair on Farragher's head."

It is to be regretted that Mr. O'Keefe does not put more time on poetry. He surely has the touch.

The one enticing thing about football, the same as about baseball, is the uncertainty of the game. You can never tell whether a player will break his collar bone or his leg.

After watching Benny Bensman at work in the study hall we have come to the conclusion that Joe Jackson will not be seen in the center field next year. Mgr. Gleason will more than likely sign Benny up, because to our certain knowledge Bones is an expert fly catcher, having caught twenty flies in one study period.

The following extremely bright one was heard last free-day. Flynn to McCormack — I see you have bought a new hat, Francis.

McCormack (complacently) — Yes, I got this one from Hilliard and Hamill, to wear on Saturdays and Sundays.

Flynn — Oh, I see, you'r going to wear it on your week end. Eh! Mac.

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Heard in the Refectory:

Cox — (on seeing Vinc. Honningford spread his bread first with butter, then with jam) Did you ever see such extravagance, spreading butter and jam on the same piece of bread?

Hot-foot — Extravagance nothing, that's economy, boy.

Cox — Wadda yu' mean Economy? Can't I see?
Hot — Why, don't I use the same piece of bread for both.

There was an amusing little article read in the Payne County Democrat last summer. It read as follows:

"One way of keeping them down on the farm." Jacob Schaefer is building an "escape proof" hog pen on the farm occupied by his son, Tony.

A student who could not sound the letter "r" was given the following sentence to read: Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare. He studied it in silence for a minute, then glibly rendered it as follows: "Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the slats for cooking the bunny so little."

(The newest one) ... Everyone makes mistakes that's why they put erasers on lead pencils.

A syllogism heard in one of the class rooms.

A horse is the most perfect of animals.

A horse has four legs.

A bird is less perfect than the horse.

A bird has two legs.

A man has two legs.

Therefore a horse is more perfect than a man.

"To what logician shall we attribute this wonderful reasoning?"

"Most of our wishes would come true if we wished with both hands."

A. — I read the other day that some of the skyscrapers will have to be torn down on account of being in the way of airships.

B. — Oh, no, they just dig under the foundations and let them down into the ground about 200 ft. and then they'll use hellevators instead of elevators.

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